



INDIANS HOPE TO EVEN LITTLE WORLD SERIES WITH YANKEES TODAY

By JACK VEIOCK.
NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—Pennant warfare between the Yanks and Cleveland Indians raged along the American League front again today. Beaten in the first game, but far from demoralized, the world champions were out to even up the series today by winning the second game.
The men o' Huggins, proud of themselves and feeling more confident with a lead of a full game over their rivals, were eager to stretch that lead to two and, if possible, sweep the series, for the team that can take a majority of the quartet of games is almost sure to capture the gonfalon and enter the world series.
Fine weather greeted the great army of baseball that was prepared to march on the Polo Grounds to witness today's game. The sun came up early and almost before his rays alighted over the sky line the advance guard of fans was in line at the box offices. Saturday is the day of days for New Yorkers. The average Gothamite leaves his toll at noon, and there was not the slightest doubt that the Yanks and the Tribesmen would play to an audience of 40,000.
He's Man of Hour.
Babe Ruth is the man of the hour in this town.
The bustling Bambino took it upon himself to lead the Yankees over the top and humble the great Stanley Coveleskie in one of the most interesting ball games of the season.
And, needless to say, Yankee fans look to Ruth to lead his team to victory in the series. Had it not been for Ruth's prolific bludgeon there would have been supreme joy in Cleveland today instead of fears that the Tribe is destined to play second fiddle in American League baseball affairs this fall. Ruth is THE "white-haired boy" of the fans.
Miller Huggins, for at least once in his career as manager of the Yanks, got some credit today for a stroke of generalship in sending young Waite Hoyt against the Tribe in the first game and getting away with it.
Hoyt Has Goods.
Hoyt did not figure to beat Coveleskie for several reasons. One thing was his lack of experience and the importance of that first game, coupled with the great crowd. Another was the chance that he could stand up under a full nine innings of hard hitting from the Forest City. But the "kid" got away with it, and he did as fine a job of twirling as a Yankee fan could have wished to see.
With the first game safely tucked away and a firm grip on the lead instead of holding it by a mere point, the Yanks were in an enviable position as they prepared to enter the second battle of the series. Huggins had Carl Mays in reserve, not to mention Harry Harper, who appears to have found himself of late and who will very probably get a crack at the Tribe during the series. Mays came back at the Indians on Monday.
Manager Speaker, who has always been credited as an expert in handling his twirlers, was expected to send Duster Mails or Allan Sothoron against the Yankees.
While the rival American Leaguers are fighting out the pennant, the moving slowly but surely toward a mathematical clinch on the National League flag. Rain stopped them yesterday while the Pirates gained half a game by beating the Reds. Pittsburgh's chances are practically as hopeless as ever.

GIB PLAYERS SET HOT PACE WINNING TITLE

Club Hits .389 in Ten Games in Grabbing Championship in Independent Class.

In winning the recent independent series the Gibraltar Athletic Club won ten games in a row. The team has hammered the ball in league style throughout the series. But one regular went under the .300 mark.
The team average is .389.
"Shark" Beamer and Ballenger have won five games to date, but Beamer held the strike-out record in the unlimited class with fourteen in one game, and thirteen in two others. In five games Beamer has walked but three batters. Ballenger was wild, and has given twenty of his free passes in the five he has worked.
Ballenger's strike-out record is ten in one game. "Reds" Hager leads the batting list with average of .576 in ten games, and has collected the greatest number of two-ply blows which are six.
"Alimony" Jett leads in the heavy hitting line, he has four circuit drives and four three-baggers to his credit. One of the outstanding features of the club team is the great work of "Lefty" Deck, first sacker. While he has done some heavy clouting that has won some games his best work is playing the first sack. He has not been collected with and error.
Deck has saved a couple of games with great steps. G. Meinberg leads in stolen bases with 14, and is second in runs scored, each having 12 credited. "P. D. Q." Montague, centerfield, who has also done some good hitting at time when hits meant runs. He is the leading outfielder on the team.
Following are the batting averages:
Hager .576
Smith .576
Jett .576
Deck .576
Montague .576
A. Meador .576
Beamer .576
Ballenger .576
G. Meinberg .576
Hawley .576
Totals .389

Triangle Eleven Wins.
The Triangle eleven handily defeated the All-Star eleven yesterday, 14 to 12. The winners were the winners, obtaining two touchdowns.

ELKS CLUB ALL THROUGH AFTER FIFTH INNING

Titular Honors Taken by Antlered Tribe When Frye is Hammered in the Third.

The Elks Club, after literally cleaning up in the Section A series and the final series as District Baseball Association champions today. Tonight at the Terminal Railroad Y. M. C. A. rooms at the Union Station the District Association will formally declare the Elks title holders and will discuss with chairman Jack Haas, of the Independents, the series for the city championship.
The Navy Yard men opposed the Elks yesterday and in what was considered the poorest played game of the series lost by a score of 7 to 3.
Frye was hammered by the Elks for five runs in the third. The Elks were never in danger as Lem Owen breezed along for another win.
John Collins Stops.
John Collins, of the Red Sox, was halted September 20 by George Uhle and Jim Bagby after hitting safely his last eight games. While polling them, Collins batted out fourteen hits in thirty-two tries for a mark of .438.
Sewell Quit Here.
Joe Sewell, of the Indians, after scoring eight runs in five straight games, was stopped September 16 by the Senators.

King Football Climbs His Throne Today For a Season

King Football ascends his throne today for the 1921 season. Following are the principal games:
Davidson at Virginia.
Hamden-Sidney at V. P. I.
Roanoke at V. M. I.
Wake Forest at Georgia Tech.
West Virginia Wesleyan vs. West Virginia at Fairmont.
Bethany at W. and J.
Hobart at Syracuse.
Bates at Yale.
Lebanon Valley at Penn State.
Middlebury and Boston U. at Harvard.
Randolph-Macon at North Carolina State.
Muhlenberg at Lafayette.
Ursinus at Rutgers.
Delaware at Pennsylvania.
Maine at Fordham.
Norwich at Dartmouth.

CARPENTIER COUNT RIGHT DECLARES FAMOUS TIMER

Once in a while a referee on his count over a fallen boxer manages to hit exactly ten seconds by the watch, or come within the proverbial whisker of it. This, strange to say, considering the importance of the struggle, the huge crowd and the pressure the referee was working under, happened at the recent "battle of the century," the Dempsey-Carpentier contest in Jersey City.

According to Capt. Charles J. Dieges, official timer, and Chris Dalton, one of the best known watch holders in the country, who attended the bout in the role of a spectator, but who through force of habit held a watch on it, Referee Harry Ertle "shaved ten seconds" on the knockout.

"When Referee Ertle's hand came down for the completion of the tenth second," says Captain Dieges, "my watch just had registered exactly ten seconds. In other words, Referee Ertle gave approximately one-half of between one-tenth and two-tenths of a second—no more, no less. I recollect no instance in a championship encounter in which a referee came so close to a chronometrically perfect count as he did at Jersey City a month ago."

Shaved Ten Seconds.
Dalton, who was connected in no official capacity with the recent world's heavyweight championship match, but who was careful to clock the rounds and the knockdown, says: "The referee shaved ten seconds off the knockdown. When I stopped my watch it was just a half past ten seconds. The hand of my watch stopped between ten seconds and ten and one-tenth seconds. It was as close to a perfect count as one sees in a hundred battles. I have seen referees exactly hit ten seconds, but the instances have been so few and far between as to be a rarity. For the referee to shave ten seconds off the knockdown is a feat which I can remember."

Both Dieges and Dalton, however, are in favor of relieving the referee of the duty of making his count by guesswork. "It is, in fact, and rightfully, that the timer is the proper official to register the count and that the referee should be compelled to 'count by the watch' by having the referee signal the seconds."

Why Timekeeper Should Count.
"It is a mystery to me," says Dalton, "why it has not long ago been made imperative for the referee to get his count from the timekeeper. Hundreds of thousands of dollars hang on the balance of many a contest which the referee has decided by mere fraction of a second, changing mere knockdown to knockout or vice versa."

"On several occasions I have seen fourteen seconds by the watch elapse while the referee was making his count of ten. Several times have seen referees count out boxers who still had one, two and sometimes three and four seconds legal time left to regain their feet and resume the contest."

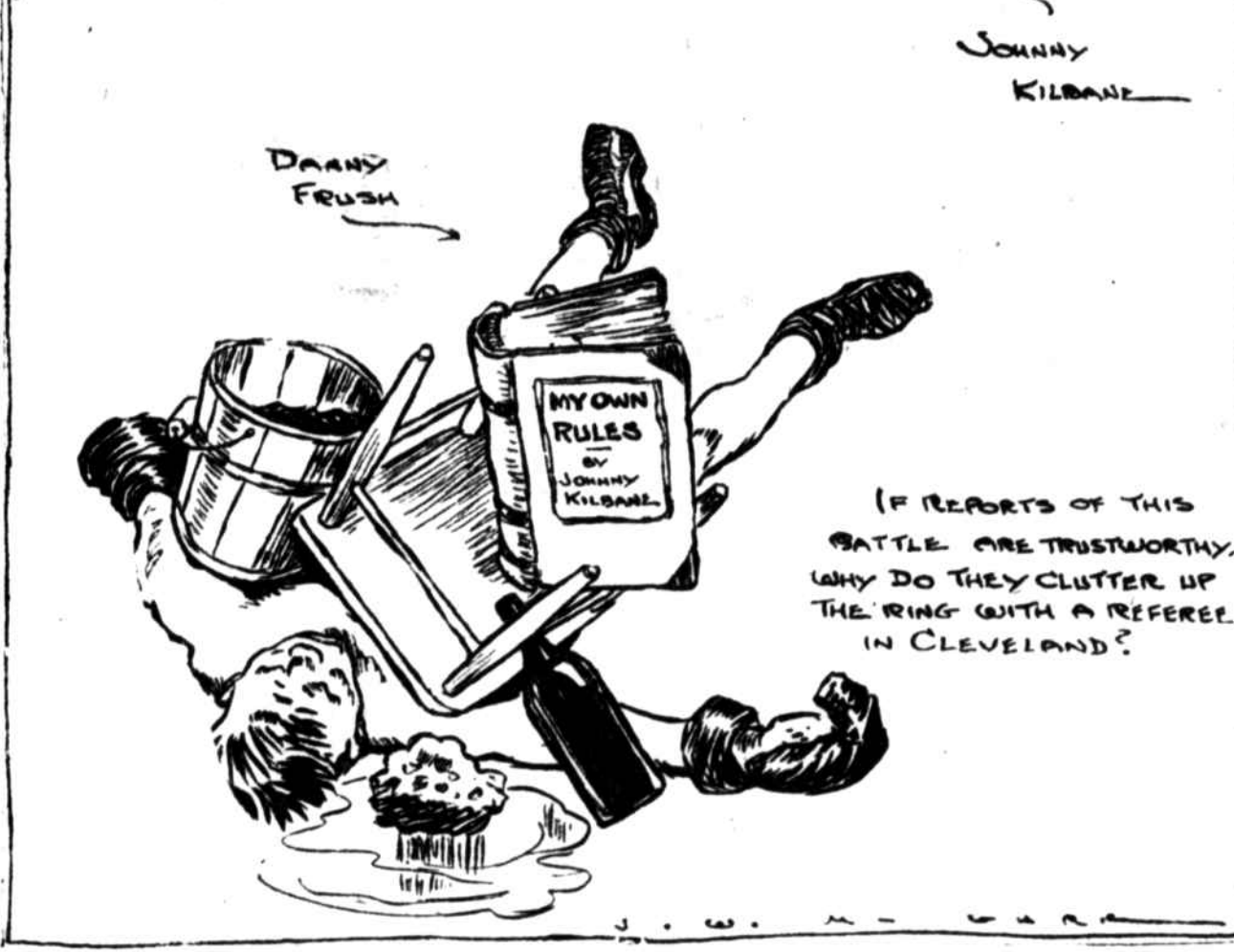
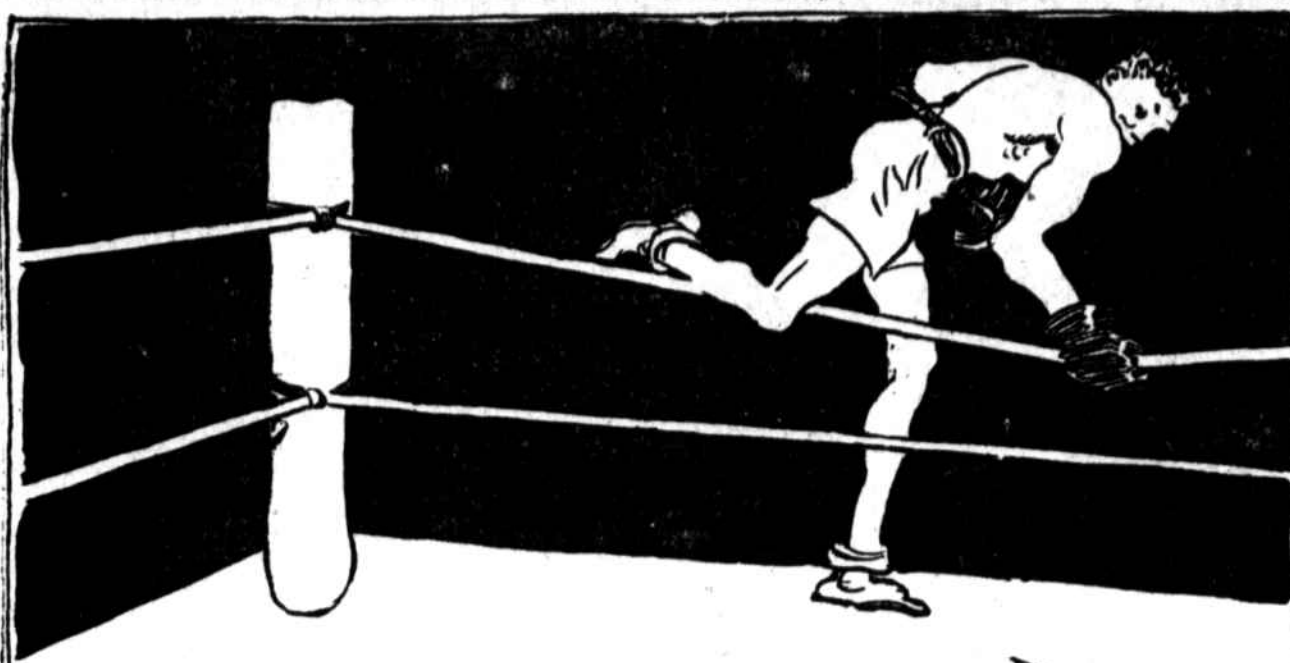
"Referee Ertle was almost right by the watch when he counted out Carpentier at Jersey City. But supposing the referee had not hit an approximate ten seconds off, either way? Do you realize how many thousands of dollars might have changed hands because of the error?"

"Considering what an easy matter it would be to assure having an exact count by the watch, it seems nothing less than downright culpability for the referee to continue to guesswork, such important details to mere guesswork. Captain Dieges is equally emphatic in his opinions. "Where, except in the squared circle," says Captain Dieges, "do they have anything affecting a world's championship or huge sum of money to guesswork? To me it seems just asinine to leave a knockout count in a championship contest to guess work by the referee. It is the duty of the official to guess the time of sprinter Charlie Paddock on a record attempting 100-yard dash."

What Rickard Says.
Tex Rickard, the world's greatest promoter, also is of the opinion that the referee should be relieved of the duty of registering the count. "The Jeffries-Johnson match," says Tex, "I instructed the timekeeper to signal the seconds in case of a knockdown. Knowing that hundreds of thousands of dollars might change hands on a knockout, I took every precaution to have my count absolutely correct."

"I believe having the timekeeper signal the count, or make the count by the watch, is the only way to make a business, is growing bigger every

He's Useless - - - By McGurk



BUM BOXERS GROW WEALTHY WHILE SUCKERS KEEP BITING

By TAD.
There never was a time in the whole history of boxing when the men of that profession were so bad as they are today.
At present there are two really good champions—Jack Dempsey, king of the heavies, and Benny Leonard, king of the 135-pounders. The rest you can toss into the ash can.
There are other fairly good title holders, but the writer can't class them with the champs of other days.
And when one stops to think of the fortunes they get in purses these days it almost knocks you silly. Think of a ham and egg fighter like Johnny Wilson getting \$37,500 to box another ham and egg fighter, Bryan Downey. Wilson's end would be a fortune for the ordinary man. It is more than he could earn in a lifetime, yet the cheese champion slaps his way through twelve rounds of boxing and picks up the change.
Tex Rickard isn't to blame. The sucker public is the cause of it.
It's no wonder the fighters laugh. Think of the purses that second-raters got at Madison Square Garden last winter.
As long as the sucker public fails for the bunk big purses will rule.
There may be hard times all over America, but when you look over a fight crowd and think of what they pay for seats you really can't believe that the wolf is meowing at any door.
Bum fighters are getting rich and they don't have to learn how to box. They haven't a heavyweight, except champion, worth his salt. Name your best heavy, leaving out Dempsey. Will he fight Fulton? No, you bet he won't. They'll all fight Dempsey for the short end, but get pale at the thought of meeting Fulton.
Where are the light heavies? Joe Wolcott, a welterweight, could lick every one of them in the ring with the Langford of a few years ago? And the heavies—can you see them fighting Sharkey, Jeffries, Johnson, Corbett, Jackson or Fitzsimmons a few years ago?
Johnny Wilson, middleweight champion! That's a laugh!
Try to picture him against Tommy Ryan, Kid McCoy, Jack Root, Hugie Kelly, Stanley Ketchell, Billy Papke, or even Sailor Burke.
Pipe the tough birds Leonard had to fight. There isn't one who is a real contender. Where would that bunch be with Lavigne, Erne, McFadden, Hawkins, Gans, Nelson or Willie Fitzgerald?
Feathers? Johnny Kilbane, an old man, still rules there. There isn't a feather who stands out as a real contender.
They'd rank high in battles with the old-timers, wouldn't they? Can you see them beating McGovern, Corbett, Griffo, Gardner, Herrera, Attell or Yanger.
The public doesn't seem to tire. They pay and the bruliers collect.
Fighters today don't need to learn how to box. Things are coming too easy.

Looks An Even Thing Regarding Those Fishermen

Gloucester fishermen are excited because the American Race Committee accepted without protest the disbarment of the challenger Mayflower from this year's international fishermen's race.
The Canadian protest was made on the ground that the Mayflower was more yacht than fisherman.
The Gloucester fishermen call attention to the fact that the Canadian boat Bluenose is the work of a skilled Nova Scotian yacht designer.
Looks like six of one and half a dozen of the other.

MIDDLE WEST ELEVENS START BATTLES TODAY

CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—Gridiron machines will begin grinding in the middle West today. Games on today's schedule will officially inaugurate the 1921 football season.
Only two members of the "big ten" will be seen in action. Northwestern, which opens the season with the best prospects in several years, will meet Beloit at Evanston. Indiana, regarded as the "dark horse" of the "Big Ten," will tangle with Franklin College at Bloomington.
Notre Dame will open its season with a game against Kalamazoo at Notre Dame.
Other games in the middle West today are:
Case and Hiram at Cleveland.
Western Reserve and Akron at Akron.
Depauw and Terre Haute Normal at Greencastle.
St. Louis and Missouri Normal at St. Louis.
Wabash and Augustana at Crawfordsville.
Heidelberg and DePue at Tiffin.

Knicks to Play.
The Manhattan A. C. will encounter the Knickerbocker nine on the latter's diamond this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Many Grid Contests.
The Cambridge A. C. would like to arrange grid games with teams in the District averaging 135 pounds. Communicate with Manager P. Stanton, 138 Thirtieth street northeast.

Will Play October 2.
Southern A. C. players will open their season October 2 in Alexandria against the Virginia A. C. Manager Garner, Franklin 4454, wants to hear from 135-pound elevens.

Winters Stops Duncan.
Pat Duncan, of the Reds, had hit for an even .500 in seven games when Jess Winters halted him on September 20.

CUPID CHILDS IS FATTEST MAN OF BASEBALL HISTORY

To what bourn have all the fat ball players drifted? Who was the best fat ball player of major league history?
Let the fat men appear and defend themselves.
There are some who, should they appear now, would have no defense. There have not been many fat ball players, actual up and down roly polys, in the history of baseball. There have been some who had a tendency to embonpoint, but they managed to keep it well down while they were in the game. After they got out of baseball they woke up one morning to discover that they had outgrown all of their clothing.
One of them once wrote a jocund note to a club owner in which he informed the magnate that he believed he had a direct claim against him for damages. "While I was playing on your team," he said, "my weight was about 175 or 180 pounds. I never had much trouble to keep within the limit, and you will recall that I could run to first base in as good time as any of them."

"Now that I am out of baseball I find that I have jumped up the scale so far that none of my clothes fit. As to the unusual and constant exercise there can be no doubt that this is due which I took while working in your behalf, I think that you should reimburse me for the extra clothing which I have had to buy since leaving your club."

To which the owner of the club replied equally as facetiously: "If you can convince me that you have restricted yourself to two meals a day and never have had more than one helping of meat and one of ham and eggs daily since leaving the team, I'll consider the question of making good to a fat man."

Possibly the most active, agile and invariably alert ball player who was unmistakably fat was "Cupid" Childs, once the second baseman for Cleveland. It wasn't a man of being chunky with plenty of flesh tissue, so far as he was concerned. He was plainly and unmistakably fat, and he mourned it daily in the hot summer days. He could perspire freely enough to drench the neighborhood, but he shook himself and might lose three or four pounds on the ball field, but he would get up the next morning and go to the nearest scales only to find that he had it all back again.

Was Christened "Cupid."
Childs was short, and no nickname for a ball player was more appropriate than the "Cupid" which was bestowed upon him. He was the essence of good humor. Life was a merry verse and he sang and joked and told funny stories all of his baseball days, and ate. He would not diet, and probably he would not have done the slightest good if he had. Yet he was not a glutton. He liked ice cream. Had they been able to make as many fancy ice cream dishes in his time as they do now he would have perished perhaps an ice cream addict.
Childs could run the bases as fast as two-thirds of the ball players and faster than the other third. When he legged it to first two short, at legs churned up and down more rapidly than many a pair of long, slim legs. He could beat most ball players going to first base, in spite of his size, and that was why he once tied Dan Bruthers for the title of champion of the National League. He could run faster than Dan. There was quite a rivalry between them the year they were both going well.

"You hit them over the fence, you big capdime shanks," said Childs one afternoon to Bruthers, "but I can beat them out down to first base, and that's where I'll beat you out. He didn't. They were even seven when the season finished, but both were at the top of the league.
Childs was in perfect physical condition despite his weight. He had skin like ivory and neither tanned nor burned. His first name was Clarence, which he abandoned, and they called him "Pac" in Baltimore, where he lived when the oyster season was on and the baseball season off.

Another Fat Man.
Cleveland had a fat catcher once. His name was Briddy. There have been stout catchers, but Briddy was a fat catcher. His hands were so fat that the ball slipped into them without making any noise. It was "Briddy" who gave the Cleveland slingers like the noseless runabouts which father wears when he is home.
Briddy, like Childs, was quick and active on his feet. He could not run fast as far as Childs could run fast. He was good at his job, but he was then nature called a halt, or at least a little cessation of the movements of the piston rods that upheld Briddy's bulk.

Briddy, throw, however, and whatever he may have lost because of his bulk he made up with a very good arm. If a runner strayed an eyelash from second Briddy would spear him off the base, and he was one of the few catchers upon whom it was dangerous to leave third.
Cleveland also had a fat catcher by the name of West in years gone by. That catcher really was a marvel. He had legs as thick through as one of Babe Ruth's arms and he was able to first base with his 260 and goodness knows how many more pounds avoirdupois, as fast as Pep Young can go. He couldn't start as quickly as Pep can start, but he had the speed when he got under way.

Foul flies which were hit high in the air and had to be picked off the grandstand, were meat for West. He got fatter on them than when he first began to play baseball. Like Briddy, he was a good thrower.

One afternoon in practice at Cub Stricker, of Cleveland, who was as small as West was huge—Cub was tinier than any ball player playing now, and could give cards and spades to most of the so-called second basemen today—stole home, or tried to do so.
West got the ball, and as Stricker slid to the plate he knocked West's feet out from under him. Stricker disappeared from sight. "Gilt off" of him, Buck, git off of him, you'll kill him," shouted McKean, the Cleveland shortstop, in some excitement.
"Gosh darn it, I'm tryin' to get up as hard as I can," replied West, "I don't want to kill nobody."

Finally he got to his feet. Stricker rolled over and pulled himself up, grinning. "Any bones broke, Cub?" said one of the Cleveland players. "We couldn't see a thing of you when that fat guy had you down."

"Bones broke," said Stricker, "why the big mule never touched me. I was under his knees all of the time." Thereupon West threw a ball at him and the game proceeded as peacefully as it had begun.

Races Today AT Havre de Grace

THE POTOMAC HANDICAP \$10,000 ADDED

4 OTHER RACES.
Special Penna. R. R. train leaves Union Station 12 o'clock noon—direct to course. Special R. O. train leaves Union Station 12 o'clock noon. Earlier and dining cars.

ADMISSION: Grand Stand and Paddock, \$1.50—including War Tax.

FIRST RACE AT 2:30 P. M.

LOANS HORNING DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY South End of Highway Bridge